

In Memory.

From out the window of the Past
A sunny face I see,
With azure eyes, which brighten all
The way I tread them and me,
With shining bands of golden hair,
Like sunlight on her head—
Alas! Alas! and yesterday
They told me she was dead.

How can we, O my heart, believe
That, save in Memory,
That beautiful face so full of love,
Will smile no more on me!
How can we think the spring will pass
Her "brothered" raiment on,
And she, the fairest flower of all
The whole earth, will be gone—

That no'er her song at even hour
Will thrill us as of yore?
O me, to live thro' coming years
And hear her voice no more!
No more to see, save sometimes in
Thought's shadow just afar,
The sunny face whose glad smile
Was brighter than a star.

Blanche Roy's Diamonds.

"See them sparkle, Minnie! How beautiful they are—like tiny drops of fire! And they must be worth—oh! ever so much money!"

Blanche Roy had thrown herself impulsively on her knees, at the invalid sister's side, holding up in one hand the jewel case of black velvet, against whose sombre background the sparkle of the gems was plainly visible.

Minnie was older, darker, paler, yet there was still a strong resemblance between the two sisters. Upon Minnie Roy's shoulders had fallen all the grief, and pain, and sorrow that were studiously kept from overshadowing Blanche's pathway; little wonder, therefore, that the roses had withered long ago from her cheeks, and the light had gone out from her melancholy eyes.

"Stop, Blanche," said the elder sister, a little gravely. "Were these diamond earrings sent to you by Harry Berkeley?"

"Harry Berkeley, indeed!" Blanche Roy gave the auburn curls a haughty toss. "The idea of his giving me anything like this! No, indeed—Harry's a great deal too fond of his money for that."

Minnie looked grave.

"I wish you would not speak of him in that manner, Blanche."

"I can't help it, Minnie. You must know yourself that Harry is rather inclined to—well, it will out—parousness."

No, he did not send me these sparkling beauties."

"Who did, then?"

"Blanche slyly drew a card from the pocket of her blue muslin dress, and held it close to Minnie's eyes."

"Percy Melton!" exclaimed the elder sister, as she deciphered the characters.

"Blanche, you never would receive so costly a gift from one who is almost a stranger?"

"He isn't a stranger, Minnie."

"You must send them back at once, Blanche," said her sister, firmly. "If you keep them, Mr. Melton can draw but one inference from your conduct."

"And that?"

"Will be, of course, that you look favorably upon his suit. A lady can receive diamonds only from a man who is to be her husband."

The dimples had all vanished from Blanche Roy's cheek—driven away, perhaps, by the scarlet dye that suffused the delicate surface.

"Are you willing to regard Mr. Melton in the light of an accepted lover, Blanche?" asked Minnie.

"No—yes—I don't know," faltered Blanche, turning the glittering stones mechanically round.

"You don't know! Blanche, I thought—I had hoped—that you loved Harry Berkeley."

"He is so parsimonious, Minnie," pouted Blanche. "He never gives me anything—and all the girls think it so strange. And Percy Melton is all generosity. I just happened to mention that I admired diamonds last night, and see how promptly and delicately he has responded!"

Minnie shook her head in quiet disapproval.

"I don't like Percy Melton."

"Oh, but Minnie, he is so noble—so magnanimous!"

"I would send the diamonds back, Blanche."

Blanche looked longingly at the sparkling jewels.

"Put them up, dear. They are a tempting bait, but Harry Berkeley's honest heart is worth all the diamonds that ever glittered in the mines of Golconda."

"Harry Berkeley again!" replied Blanche petulantly. "Do you know, Minnie, I asked him if he would join that party to the lakes this summer, and what do you think he said?"

"What?"

"That he couldn't afford it."

"A very sensible answer, according to my way of thinking, Blanche."

"But, Minnie, just reflect, if a young man of twenty-four is so fond of money—"

"Gently, little sister; what right have you to make that sweeping assertion?"

"I know that his income is large, and that he has no pressing calls upon it. As I said, if a youth of twenty-four is so fond of money, there is danger of the man of forty being a confirmed miser. Of all things I detest penuriousness! I did fancy I liked Harry, but I'm getting disenchanted."

Minnie only sighed wearily.

"What's the matter, my dear sister?"

whispered Blanche, laying her velvet cheek close to Minnie's pale face. "Is the pain at your heart worse?"

"It is a pain at my heart, Blanche, but beyond the reach of medicine."

"Did you receive letters from Canada?"

"Oh, why don't Charles come back to you? If my lover were to stay away from that sort of fashion—"

"Hush, Blanche! You are not acquainted with the circumstances of the case. He cannot come back—at least, for many years. I have not much hope of ever looking upon his face in this world. Perhaps in heaven—"

But Blanche's passionate, impulsive tears interrupted her sister's low, quiet voice.

"Oh, why don't you tell me about it, sister? Why am I kept in ignorance of your trouble? I am only a silly child, I know, but I am your sister, and I love you."

"There is not much to tell, dear, and we have only kept it from you lest your young life should be overclouded with the darkness of other existences. Mr. Rosely was involved in a terrible financial catastrophe—he became somehow entangled in the snares of designing villains. A frank nature seldom doubts the integrity of those that surround it. Charles was ill-fitted to cope with intrigues, and before he was aware of it, he had somehow become responsible to a frightful extent. I shall never forget the morning he came to me, pale as death, to tell me that the bright castle of promised wealth had fallen in ruins—that flight was the only escape from liability actually appalling. Now you have the whole story, dear. Charles Rosely is a ruined man; but not a guilty one!"

"The rain will soon be over, Miss Blanche—just take a seat and wait; I'll be back in half a second."

Blanche Roy cast one regretful glance from the side window upon the white, blinding sheets of rain that were eddying through the narrow street, and sat down close to the curtained glass door that led into Obadiah Green's hair-dressing shop.

It was a snug, thrifty little house with plants in the windows, two plump babies in the cradle, a tortoise-shell cat curled up under the centre-table. Katy Jones had not done a foolish thing when she left her situation as nurse to little Blanche Roy to become the wife of honest Obadiah Green, the barber.

While Blanche stood wishing she had brought an umbrella, a name spoken carelessly in the other room sent the roses to her cheek.

"Melton—Percy Melton!" said one of the gentlemen waiting in the shop for the shower to terminate, "of course I know him. A smart fellow he is too; a little too smart, that's all."

"I don't understand you," said the lethargic old gentleman in the corner, whose gold-bowed spectacles gave him such a pompous appearance.

Blanche could see them all, as she stood behind the sheltering white curtain.

"You don't? Does he owe you any money?"

"Not he. I don't lend to every adventurer who comes into my office with empty pockets."

"So much the better for you, Mr. Dudley. He is a gentleman who lives by his wits entirely. Paying particular attention to a young lady of the West End, I am told. He is quite a connoisseur regarding the fair sex."

The old gentleman looked quickly up from behind his spectacles.

"Ah, indeed? That explains a little business operation of his with a client of mine—Rand, the jeweler—that rather puzzled me at the time. He hired a set of diamonds for three months."

"Hired them?"

"Yes. Rand was a little uneasy about them, and he keeps a sharp look-out on the gentleman."

"I should advise him to do so. Why, Dudley—of course I don't want to interfere with any amusement Melton may have on hand—but he happens to have a very interesting French wife in Paris."

"The second!"

"An appropriate appellation. I happen to know, moreover, that this is not the only flirtation he has on hand at present. He—"

But Blanche Roy heard no more. Mrs. Green's hand was on her shoulder.

"Dear me, Miss Blanche, how pale you are! I'm afraid you're tired out. Do let me get you a glass of wine."

"No, Katy—I—I only want to borrow an umbrella. It does not rain much now."

"Miss Blanche, just look at the windows!"

"Yes, but I must get home."

Mrs. Green saw that appeal was quite useless, and wisely bustled away to get Obadiah's best silk umbrella.

"I don't like to let you go, Miss Blanche, you are so pale," she said.

But thank her, Blanche hurried away, leaving good Katy in the very flood-tide of advice and counsel. And she would not have thought Miss Blanche pale could she have seen the angry crimson mantling her cheeks as she walked through the driving sheets of rain.

Blanche Roy's spirited nature was up in arms, and a very stormy, tempestuous little nature it was sometimes. There was no danger that she would break her heart for the dashing lover who had proved so faithless. She was too angry for that.

She threw aside her dripping bonnet and drenched shawl the moment she reached her own room, and ran up to see Minnie.

But Minnie was not alone. The first person on whom Blanche's eyes fell was no other than Harry Berkeley.

"Harry!"

"Blanche!"

"Come here, my dear sister," said Minnie, holding out her slender hand, and drawing Blanche close to her, "and let me tell you how very, very happy Harry has made me to-day."

There was a new light sparkling in her eyes—a faint tinge of color glowing where the lids had lain so white. Some unseen influence had transfigured Minnie's face into something almost radiant.

"Listen, Blanche," she said, "and you shall hear what makes my heart throb so joyously. For two long years Harry Berkeley has devoted his time, thought and money to obtain my poor Charles's liberation from the galling bonds of his exile. At last, by the payment of a sum of money that I am almost afraid to name, Charles is free, and within two months I shall see him again, Heaven willing."

Her face was bright with the old glow and bloom of her girlhood as she spoke.

"Now, Blanche, do you understand why Harry Berkeley was forced to economize—to deny himself every luxury, and become as you phrased it, 'parsimonious'?"

Blanche put her hand on Minnie's lips in agony of shame and remorse.

"Minnie! sister!"

"Darling, it was because my happiness was at stake—the happiness of Blanche Roy's sister. Harry, make your peace with her—my joy is too great for further words. Go now, and let me rest awhile."

And as Harry Berkeley led Blanche away, she looked up with eyes that shone through tears.

EFFECT OF DIET.

Charles Napier, an English scientific man, has been testing the truth of Liebig's theory that liquor drinking is compatible with animal food, but not with a farinaceous diet. The experiment was tried upon twenty-seven liquor drinking persons, with results substantiating the Liebig theory.

Among the most striking instances of reform brought about by a change of diet was that of a gentleman of sixty who had been addicted to intemperate habits for thirty-five years, his outbursts averaging one a week. His constitution was so shattered that he had great difficulty in insuring his life. After an attack of delirium tremens, which nearly ended fatally, he was persuaded to enter upon a farinaceous diet, which, we are assured, cured him completely in seven months. He seemed to have been very thin at the beginning of the experiment, but at the close of the period named had gained twenty-eight pounds, being then of about the normal weight for a person of his height.

Among the articles of food which are specified by Napier as pre-eminent for antagonism to alcohol are macaroni, haricot beans, dried peas and lentils, all of which should be well boiled, and flavored with butter or olive oil. The various garden vegetables are said to be helpful, but a diet mainly composed of them would not resist the tendency to intemperance so effectually as one of macaroni and farinaceous food. From this point of view, high glutinous bread would be sour, such acidity being calculated to foster the habit of alcoholic drinking. A like remark may be applied to the use of salted food.

If we inquire the cause of a vegetarian's alleged disinclination to alcoholic liquors, we find that the carbonaceous starch contained in the macaroni, beans or oleaginous aliment appears to render unnecessary, and therefore repulsive, carbon in an alcoholic form.

A LESSON IN POLITENESS.

A friend of Dean Swift one day sent him a turbot as a present, by a servant who had frequently been on similar errands, but had never received anything for his trouble. Having gained admission, he opened the study door, and putting the fish on the floor, cried out, rudely—

"Master sent you a turbot."

"Young man," said the dean, rising from his easy-chair, "is that the way you deliver a message? Let me teach you better manners. Sit down in my chair; we will change places, and I will teach you how to behave in the future."

The boy sat down, and the dean going out, came up to the door, and, making a low bow, said—

"Sir, master presents his kind compliments, hopes you are well, and requests your acceptance of a small present."

"Does he?" replied the boy. "Return him my best thanks, and here's half a crown for yourself."

The dean, thus caught in his own trap, laughed heartily, and gave the boy a crown for his ready wit. The teacher, as well as the scholar, received a lesson that time. The boy certainly knew enough to make his way through the world.

A NEW RAILROAD SIGNAL.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., according to the Chicago Railway Review, is to have no more locomotive whistling. A bell, worked by electricity, is set up at the depot, and when the train comes within a mile of the station it will ring until they arrive. The danger signal is thus given, and the waste of steam is avoided, to say nothing of the racket. Any engineer who whistles hereafter when in Poughkeepsie loses his situation on the Hudson River Railroad.

A Brazilian gentleman left a purse of \$10,000 in a cab last month in Paris. He did not know the number, and with slender hope sat down to write to the Superintendent of Public Carriages, when the cabman appeared with the purse, and positively refused to take any reward whatever.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Most families die out in 200 years.

Women are hereafter to be allowed to become notaries public in Ohio.

Friendly letters should be written because the words spring spontaneously from the heart and not from a sense of duty.

Young ladies who wish to have small mouths are advised to repeat this at frequent intervals during the day, "Fanny Finch fried five floundering frogs for Francis Fowler."

The devil runs an immense manufactory of excuses. They are of all sizes and shapes, suited to every possible occasion, and such is the demand for them that it is impossible to overstock the market.

It is doubtful if even cremation will destroy the emanations of unadulterated meanness of a man that will sell whisky to a person whose family are starving at home.

Dr. Blacher has recently reported (in the *Courier Medical*) some excellent results from treatment of pulmonary consumption in its first two periods, with glycerine instead of cod liver oil.

Bright colors, gaudy trappings and even white horses are being eliminated from the French army service, as they furnish a too conspicuous a mark for the new arms of precision now used in warfare.

How women long for home, love and protection only they and God know. Some are compelled to accept a miserable substitute for it, but a true woman never accepts the counterfeit coin.

American coal is sold in Switzerland, coming from Philadelphia by sailing ships to Marseilles and thence by rail to Geneva, where it costs about \$10 a ton. The price is under that of German and French coal at the same point, and the quality is pronounced much better.

There has lately been admitted to probate in England the shortest will on record. It reads: "Mrs. — is to have all when I die." Such brevity and exactness in all wills would soon make half the lawyers in the country turn their attention to starting country newspapers!

The making of wooden toys is almost the sole industry of many parts of central Europe. Schools have been established and artistic taste has been developed in a way to make the work done of greater value and more attractive than it has hitherto been. At Sonneberg, in Thuringia, the annual production of toys amounts to some \$10,000,000.

The Chinese are superseding English sailors to a great extent on Australian vessels and steamers, being found to be cheaper, cleaner and more easily managed. In a recent case at Liverpool, the captain of the English vessel *Queen* explained the presence of an exclusively Malay crew by saying that all the available English sailors at Singapore were so drunk that he could not take them.

In the instance of the iron steamship *City of Venice*, which went ashore on the rocks, after every other plan to raise and haul her off had failed—she had rocks through her bottom in some places four feet high—dynamite was tried. The rocks protruding through the vessel were first removed by use of small charges; the tops of the rocks outside of the vessel were then blasted away, and the vessel got off without further injury, and was saved.

Artificial teeth were manufactured in China centuries before they were produced in Europe. The material used is bone or ivory, and the tooth, having been sawed and filed into a proper shape, is fastened to the adjoining teeth by copper wire or catgut string. If two or more teeth are required they are made in one piece, and a hole being drilled through the entire length, a double wire is passed through it and looped over the natural tooth at one end and tied to the teeth at the other.

The imitation diamonds made of Rhine pebbles are now used in Paris for many purposes. There are not only diamond buttons, mounted like solitaire, or in clusters, but buckles for the shoes and belts in all conceivable designs. There are, also, fastenings for necklaces and bracelets of velvet and very small buckles to fasten the ribbon loops which are placed down the front of the dresses and on the lower part of the sleeves. Earrings, crosses and ornamental pins are also made of these stones.

The holly tree is called "Christ's thorn" in Germany and Scandinavia, from its putting forth its berries at the supposed period of the year when Christ was born and from its time-honored use in decorating Christian churches. The tree, according to a certain legend, was that in which the Almighty revealed Himself to Moses in a flame of fire, by which it was not consumed. Likewise, it was supposed to have formed the wood of the cross on which our Lord was crucified. Hence it was known as the *Lignum Sanctum Crucis*.

In Japan, during the New Year's holidays, the shopkeepers are troubled by pilferers. Some of the lower classes of Japanese actually believe that the theft of some article exhibited at the stalls or stands, without detection, will insure good fortune for the following year, and that the larger the article stolen the greater will be the luck to come. The thieves go in parties. One or two divert the attention of the shopman by asking the price of this or that ware, while the others carry off the bulkiest thing which they can manage without exposure. One young man last Christmas actually succeeded in carrying off a

mortar hollowed out of the trunk of a tree, and used in pounding rice. It was some three feet high and four feet in diameter and of course of enormous weight.

SCIENTIFIC.

SCIENTIFIC INDIFFERENCE TO THE DEAD.

We had been idly looking at—in fact overlooking—a large, long packing-case, which lay in the forepart of the boat, all alone. Now, as we stopped at a little wooden pier, four men came forward and carried it, rather unsteadily, for it seemed heavy, across the gangway on shore.

There they left it, laying on the top of two baskets filled with eatables and drinkables, and stood looking about, watching the cable slipped and our boat steamed on across the Sound. What a shudder it would have given to the young English bride and bridegroom, had they known that in that packing-case we had landed one silent passenger, probably once belonging to these regions, and now brought home from Olun, or Glasgow, or still further off, his life's work done, to sleep, as is the craving of the Highlander, under the shadow of his native mountains. To those who know the depth of tenderness in the Scottish heart, it is a perpetual marvel, the extreme indifference and apparent want of respect shown to the dead in Scotland. Not merely in such instances as this, only too common; but at funerals, and especially in the utter neglect of burying-places. Exceptions there are—newly-made cemeteries and a few country church-yards, where the minister happens to be of "advanced" opinions; but, as a general rule, you may go from end to end of Scotland and scarcely find a burial ground which is in the least cared for, which is not one mass of briars, nettles, and weeds. Possibly this springs from the ultra-Calvinistic horror of Popery, as instanced in the silent committing of earth to earth. "Gla we pray over the dead we'll sune be praying for them," said one amateur *Maus Head*ing to an English clergyman. "A modern Old Mortality should arise and put in order—even into such decent order as a farmer puts his field—these gardens of the Lord—'God's Acre,' as the German's call them—in which we shall all be one day planted, it would be a great boon to Scotland.—Good Night."

THE NEWCASTLE CHRONICLE, of November 14, 1778, gives the following account of the curious ceremony with which a Jewish priest at the Hamburg Synagogue, Fenchurch street, London, was delivered from his priesthood:

The ceremony observed was very solemn. There were four Jewish Rabbis—two attended each party. After the parties had stated their complaints and objections to each other they asked the priestess if she was willing to part with her husband. She replied, "Yes." The priest then spat in her face, to show his contempt for her. She in return did the same. The priest then threw the bill of divorce at the priestess. She with open arms and hands expanded, received it with such avidity as convinced the whole assembly with what a satisfaction she was willing to separate from her husband. That done, they again spat in each other's face and exclaimed, "Curse be they whoever wish to bring us together again."

Kindness in one sends out, as if it were, an electric wave that touches the sense of kindness in others.

A BOLD BUT SUCCESSFUL OPERATION.

Recently, says the *Baltimore Sun*, Prof. Alan T. Smith performed a most difficult and dangerous operation on the nine-year-old son of Mr. S. J. Hopkins, of Cambridge, Md. Ten months ago the child swallowed a tin ferrule from an umbrella.

The ferrule, which was open at both ends, after going some distance down the throat, caught in the anterior wall of the esophagus, pressing against the wind pipe, giving rise to serious trouble. All efforts to extract it were unavailing. The child was brought to town not long ago. Prof. Smith, finding that the obstruction could not be reached by means of any of the forceps in use or that could be devised, on account of its being imbedded in the mucous membrane, and the difficulties of its position, forced his finger down the child's throat and extricated it in that way. To do this the child had to be held by the heels, head downward. It was completely suffocated for the time being by the operation. Artificial respiration had to be resorted to, which, after some time brought him to a normal state. The child is now doing well.

A SECRET SYSTEM.

Every one has heard of the secret police system in Russia—the most wonderful in the world. Secret stores, markets, all are under their control. Secret agents are found everywhere. The universities and high schools literally swarm with them. They are generally recruited among such of the students as show a decided tendency toward "smartness" and are not overburdened by an exaggerated feeling of honor. A handsome monthly salary is offered to them on condition that they will report all that happens amid the turbulent youth of the schools. A man who has once been reported as suspicious is virtually lost in Russia. In every career which he attempts to follow he will be stopped by an invisible hand, and he will be put out of the way once for all at the very first opportunity.

According to the *Chemical Review*, energetic steps are being taken in Switzerland against the use of poisonous colors. The Governing Council of Zurich has prohibited the use of all coloring matters prepared from the compounds of the metals lead, arsenic, copper, chrome, zinc, antimony, bismuth, and mercury, for decorating articles of consumption or of clothing, or their materials; also paper for wrapping up chocolate, coffee, tea, chicory, tobacco, and eatables in general; toys, covers and cushions of children's carriages, carpets, curtains and window blinds, lamp screens, wafers, and table services. Poisonous organic matters, such as gamboge, picric acid, the aniline colors, especially magenta, are not to be used for coloring articles of food or drink, such as confectionery, jams, syrups, wines, etc. The same rule applies to the phenol colors. Imported articles containing such poisons may not be sold.

Some recent experiments with the radiometer show most conclusively, it is thought, that the theory which supposes the motion to be due to a reaction between the blackened surface of the vanes and the containing envelope is the true one. A two-vane mill with blackened surface of aluminum, and carrying a small magnet, was prepared, and before one of these surfaces was placed a screen of mica, also attached to the suspending wire. The whole was placed in a flask, which was exhausted to 0.25 millimetre. Light falling on the unprotected vane alone, caused a deflection of 3.23 degrees—upon the protected, 0.10. When it fell on both, there was a deflection of 2.38 degrees in favor of the unprotected disk—thus proving that when reaction is prevented between the walls and the vanes no revolution takes place.

The so-called meteoric iron of Oriskany, near Disco, Greenland, has recently been examined by M. Steenstrup, who twice visited the locality for this purpose. He shows conclusively that the doubts which have been expressed in regard to the meteoric character of the iron in question are well founded, and that the metal is most certainly of terrestrial origin. The presence of the iron in the basalt he explains by the supposition that it has in part been brought up with the basalt, and in part formed subsequently in it by a process of deoxidation through organic matter. In support of the latter view, M. Steenstrup mentions the interesting fact that, with the native iron in the basalt, both at Oriskany and Auserk, occurs a considerable amount of graphite.

M. DE LUSSE, of Belgium, has lately tried with success an electrically lighted beacon or buoy, for coast and harbor purposes, made as follows: The lantern of the buoy is provided with a Rhumkorf coil, a vacuum tube or globe. A battery composed of large zinc and carbon plates placed close together are carried on the lower part of the buoy in contact with the sea water. Wires from this battery lead to the primary circuit of the induction coil, and the secondary electric discharge appears in the vacuum tube. This apparatus yields a constant electrical light as long as the battery lasts. It is not very strong, only becomes visible at night; but the plan, it is believed, may be made useful.

A new and ingenious process has lately been introduced in France for electrolyzing nonconducting materials, such as china, porcelain, etc. Sulphur is dissolved in oil of lavender spike to a syrupy consistence, then chloride of gold or chloride of platinum is dissolved in sulphuric ether, and the two solutions mixed under a gentle heat. The compound is next evaporated until of the thickness of ordinary paint, in which condition it is applied with a brush to such portions of the china, glass, or other fabric as is desired to cover, according to the design or pattern, with the electro-metallic deposit. The objects are baked in the usual way before they are immersed in the bath.

M. RECONDON, of Paris, has been manufacturing illuminating dials on an entirely different principle from those produced by chemicals. His device is: A Geissler tube containing a gas which gives a brilliant light is placed on the dial; a battery about the size of a thimble is attached as an ornament to the watch chain, and a miniature induction coil is also hidden in the latter. When it becomes desirable to consult the watch in the dark, a spring is pressed, the current passes into the coil, then into the tube, and illuminates the dial. The same principle also applies to the illumination of clock faces.

One of the most recent hypotheses of the origin of petroleum is that advanced by M. Mendeleeff. Starting with the nebular hypothesis, he regards the interior of the earth as metallic, doubtless composed largely of iron and carbides of iron; through rents made by earthquakes, water gained access to these bodies at a high temperature and under great pressure, and by their mutual chemical action metallic oxides and saturated hydrocarbons resulted. It is these latter, according to M. Mendeleeff, which, carried by watery vapor, have spread themselves through the overlying rocks.